THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem Reading Room

THE SEER.

Fill me with fire and solace, gird me with speech divine,
That the word of my mouth be music and the chord of my
song be wine!
For the soul that quivers within me would mystical things
unfold,
Though the world is weary of singing and the eyes of the
world are cold.

I am the deathless Vision, the voice of memorial years,
The prince of the world's rejoicing, the prophet and priest
of tears;
Have I not tasted rapture, have I not loved and died,
Mounted the peaks of passion, with you been crucified?

Come! I will lead you softly, through floods that are smooth
and deep
And trailed with the shimmering curtain of dream em-
broidered sleep,
To the dim, mysterious portal, where the spirit of man may
see
The folds of the veil dividing himself from eternity.

Would you I bring my music? I'll pipe where the toilers go,
And through your sweat and labor the strain of my song
shall flow
Dulcet clear for your comfort, winged with a delicate fire,
The shout of a strong heart chanting in the lift of a soul's
desire.

And whether you stay to hearken and drink of my healing
spring,
Or turn from the plaint of my tender articulate whispering,
Ere ever ye came I was ancient, and after ye pass, I come,
The voice that shall lift in rapture when the moan of the
earth is dumb.

—Alan Sullivan.

THE PACIFIC

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W. W. Ferrier - - - - - - Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

THE UNIVERSAL COMMUNITY.

An editorial, in a recent number of The Congregationalist, on "Who Shall Be an American?" was on that high level of thought which augurs well for our civilization. Well will it be for our nation if the realizable ideal therein set forth is that toward which our people shall resilutely set their faces. Otherwise, some day, of us will it be written, "Weighed in the balance and found wanting."

After a good word for those Europeans who have long been coming to this American "melting pot," and the declaration that "colored Americans are among our best citizens and develop all the strength of character and all the virtues that any race can boast," that editorial continued:

"Part of our country is disturbed over what is cal the Japanese problem. Some day we may see that it was not really a Japanese problem but only another phase of the old stubborn problem of race prejudice. Immigrants from China and Japan are excluded from American citizenship. They have not had a chance to show the kind of citizens that they would be, if they were put to the test. In the great Flag Day parade at Boston this year, within the ranks of men from our battleships were several natives of the Orient. They marched in step with the sons of Massachusetts and Illinois. They seemed to feel in harmony with their environment and in sympathy with the occasion. What reason have we to doubt that they and thousands of kindred blood who live in America would not become true and loyal American citizens, if citizenship were possible?

"Although immigrants from the Orient may be slower to respond to the processes of the "Melting Pot" than Europeans, they bring to us qualities that we need in the ultimate American. The Japanese bring to us their example of courtesy, filial obedience, respect for elders, industry, temperance and self-control. Our tendency has been to weaken in some of these virtues. They can help us to grow strong.

"Our republic approaches a crisis. Our heritage, bought and builded in toil and sacrifice, is in danger. Our heritage of liberty and law, of commerce and industry and our heritage of Christian democracy are imperilled—not because millions of aliens have settled within our borders and continue to come in, an unceasing tide—but because the race prejudice of those whose fathers came on the earlier ships threaten to force these later comers to remain aliens forever. Neither this republic nor any nation can long endure if it is people by aliens."

And then the question was, "O men of vision, what is the duty of the hour?" And the reply was:

"Read the answer in the Christian Church, in our home missions, in the public schools, on the bleachers at the ball game, in marchers beneath our flag and at the ballot-box. The answer is but a word; that word is Brotherhood. We must assimilate. We must not segregate. This 'Melting Pot' of the nations has refined and fused into our national life the gold of character and talent and noble tradition—but only as immigrants have ceased to be aliens. It is no longer safe to maintain special privilege or to close the doors of opportunity."

The America, the writer of the editorial in The Congregationalist would have, is the America depicted in these lines by Bayard Taylor:

"Fused in her candid light,
To one strong race all races here unite:
Tongues melt in hers, hereditary foemen
Forget their sword and slogan, kith and clan;
'Twas glory, once, to be a Roman;
She makes it glory, now, to be a man!"

Our belief is that the forces of the universe are working for the building up here upon the earth of a universal community. Some day there will be the United States of the World—the Republic of Man. To fight against it is to fight against God. All that is in opposition to this will ultimately go down in defeat.

Nearly fifty years ago Walt Whitman, the Great Poet of Democracy, wrote:

"Years of the modern! Years of the unperformed!
Your horizon rises; I see it parting away for more august dramas;
I see not America only—I see not only Liberty's nation, but other nations preparing;
I see tremendous entrances and exits; I see new combinations—I see the solidarity of races!"

Years ago Victor Hugo prophesied: "In the twentieth century war will be dead, the scaffold will be dead, animosity will be dead, aristocracy will be dead, but man will live. For all there will be one country—that country the whoe earth; for all there will be one hope—that hope the whole heaven."

In his poem, "Sixty Years After Locksley Hall," Tennyson wrote:

"Earth at last a warless world, a single race, a single tongue;
I have seen her far away, for is not Earth as yet so young?"

"Every tiger madness muzzled, every serpent passion killed,
Every grim ravine a garden, every blazing desert tilled."

It is with a world consciousness, with this trend in view, believing that Victor Hugo's prophecy is to be fulfilled some day, if not in the 20th century, that we would have the people of California consider the problem which faces them in their Asiatic neighbors across the ocean.

A few weeks ago, when California's alien land bill was everywhere under discussion, Count Okuma, former prime minister, and one who has had much to do in making Japan what she today is, wrote in a Japanese magazine in Tokio:

"If I discussed this matter as a statesman and a diplomat I should declare that we must insist upon the proper rights of the Japanese. But Japan does not like to dispute, and all we ask is that the Americans face the question in

the spirit which is at the very foundation of their government, the spirit of justice and humanity.

"It is an admitted fact that in Colonial days, when English oppression proved unendurable the colonists tried every peaceful means to rid themselves of it and that only after all such means had been exhausted did they take a final appeal to arms. They did not immediately fly to arms because they loved peace and desired a peaceful solution of their problem. They insisted only on their human rights. They endured for a time what in the end could not be endured. But the mother country failed to consider their sincere attitude and drove them to arms."

Immediately following this leaf from our history Count Okuma wrote: "As to the present situation the circumstances appear very much the same. For the sake of a peaceful solution of the problem Japan has endured what cannot long be endured." "Our attitude is to our credit," added Okuma," and if it fails no one is able to see what the end will be."

Here we have a declaration such as our national church paper has made—that the nation is in danger of departing from the principles on which it was founded and by the maintenance of which principles it has attained to what it has.

There is also a plain intimation of war as a last resort —if this nation should fall short of just treatment of the Japanese, or of what in their judgment is just.

Count Okuma dips into our more recent history and says: "The Americans claim that America is the country of justice and humanity; but how, if that is true, can they justify their cold attitude toward the negro. That attitude affords a striking contradiction of the spirit and feeling claimed by them."

It is this that the people of this country are up against: It is the question whether we are willing to be true to the principles on which our government was founded—divinely implanted principles which in their out-workings have made us the great nation we now are—and hitherto invincible.

Fearful, in the face of the race problems which confront them, many people on the Pacific Coast and many in our great Southland are weakening and faltering, and only a vision of that kingdom of world-wide brotherhood upon the earth foreshadowed in the life of the Man of Nazareth will enable us to go forward. For that, mankind is plainly destined. The course may be a devious one—now forward, now backward. But some day the goal will be reached.

When we consider our history and the forces for righteousness everywhere working today, we do not despair as to our nation. Yet will be fullfilled the vision of the seer:

"And thou, America!
For the scheme's culmination—its thought and its reality,
For these, not for thyself, thou hast arrived.

"Thou too surroundest all;
Embracing, carrying, welcoming all, thou, too, by pathways broad and new
To the Ideal tendest.

"The measured faiths of other lands—the grandeurs of the the past,
Are not for thee—but grandeurs of thine own;
Deific faiths and amplitudes, absorbing, comprehending all,
All eligible to all.

"All, all for immortality!
Love, like the light, silently wrapping all!
Nature's amelioration blessing all!
The blossoms, fruits of ages—orchards divine and certain;
Forms, objects, growths, humanities, to spiritual images ripening.

"Give me, O God, to sing that thought!
Give me, give him, or her I love, this quenchless faith
In thy ensemble. Whatever else withheld, withhold not from us
Belief in plan of thee enclosed in time and space,
Health, peace, salvation universal.

"Is it a dream?
Nay, but the lack of it the dream;
And failing it, life's lore and wealth a dream,
And all the world a dream."

The salvation of which the poet writes here is an earthly salvation, not a heavenly one. It is what he saw when he called on the mystic trumpeter to vouchsafe for the close a higher strain than any yet, to give him some vision of the future—at once its prophecy and its joy. And then, inspired by the note of the glad exulting culminating song, Whitman wrote:

"Marches of victory, man disenthralled, the conqueror at last!
Hymns to the universal God from universal man!"

Is it a dream? Then, he was only a dreamer who taught his disciples to pray: "Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

GETTYSBURG—A VICTORY WITH GOD'S HELP.

One of the heroes of Gettysburg is General Sickles, who is now ninety-three years old. He is quoted as having said a few weeks ago concerning that great, historic battle: "It was my victory with God's help." There will always be different opinions as to the value of General Sickles' prompt and valorous action in that conflict—there will always be those who will believe and those who will doubt that it was due to his quick thought and action in the early hours of the three days' battle that victory finally rested with the union forces.

But, be this as it may, the thought which we wish now to impress on the minds of our readers is the one that God had a hand in that battle. Immediately after he had said, "It was my victory with God's help," General Sickles added: "You didn't know there were three claimants for the honor of winning the battle, did you? Well, there were. There were Meade and myself, and there was another more powerful claimant—Lincoln."

And then the general told of a conversation he had with Lincoln in Washington a few days after the battle:

" 'Mr. President, we heard at the front that you were all very anxious about us; that, indeed, you were all packing up and getting ready to get out.'

" 'Well, Sickles,' he said, 'some of them may have been packing up and getting ready to flee, but I wasn't.'

"And then he told me about God's share in the success of our army at Gettysburg. He paused a moment or two before he spoke, and lowered his head. When he looked at me again I saw that strange, weird expression in his eyes.

I had seen it before. He seemed to be searching within for his thought.

" 'I will tell you why I didn't pack,' he said. 'I am speaking rather confidentially, for I don't like these things to get into print.

" 'I confess I did feel a great deal of anxiety about Gettysburg. I felt that we could not endure another defeat, above all on Northern soil, in one of our own free States. I felt that I had done my best to help our cause, but that the burden had become too great for me. I could not see my way out.

" 'I did not know my way out, but I knew that if we were defeated at Gettysburg there was great danger of European intervention; that England and France would probably recognize the Southern Confederacy, and that would be the end of the Union.

" 'I went to my chamber; I got down on my knees and I prayed. I prayed more fervently, more earnestly than I had ever prayed before. I said: "Dear Father in Heaven, this is your cause, this is your war, this is your nation; we are your people. Pray help us, pray help me. I am almost crushed with the burden that I have carried up to this day. We cannot endure, we cannot bear another defeat. It would be our ruin. Come to us. Do help us, O Lord; help us, and we will try to serve Thee better than ever before!"

" 'When I arose to my feet I felt a comforting relief in my soul. I felt that my prayer was heard and answered; I felt that God was with us and would help us, and after that moment I had no fears about Gettysburg.'

"So, you see," the old General smiled, his half closed eyes glowing with fire only partially dimmed by age, "I not only had Lincoln with me but I had the Lord with me, and it is no wonder that we held Longstreet and his tremendous army for two and a half bloody hours while they brought up the Fifth Corps and the Sixth Corps and made ready for the battle of the next day, when the last futile charge marked the high tide of the Confederacy."

For several decades students and historians have been trying to ascertain why Lee ordered that disastrous charge which resulted in Pickett's brave men being mown down by the federal guns like grain before the scythe, and which marked the end that came later at Appomattox.

Thomas Nelson Page says: "It appears that Lee had good reason for believing that he would win; that he ought to have won it on the first day, and on the second, even against Meade's masterly generalship, but that on the third day his chances were incalculably diminished."

Page and Fitzhugh Lee and some other biographers of Lee lay the failure on the corps commanders, especially on Longstreet. Page says:

"With a plan that gave every promise of success, and that ought to have succeeded—with valor never so heroic, and so splendid as to be almost incredible—the corps commanders, not once, but again and again, by their failure to carry out the plan of their chief in the spirit in which it was conceived, threw away every chance of victory and left the honors of all but valor to the union general."

General Fitzhugh Lee records this judgment:

"Important battles are sometimes lost in spite of the best conceived plans of the general commanding. The battle of Liguy, with the fate of a great campaign trembling on the result, was not made a decisive victory because Ney, at Quatre Bas, showed a distrust of his emperor's judgment, was unwilling to take the most obvious step and finally disobeyed orders; and like behavior of a corps commander at Gettysburg defeated the well devised plans of Lee."

But it must be remembered that General Robert E. Lee never gave countenance to the furious clamor against Longstreet. To the day of his death he was Longstreet's friend. All that Lee ever said, ever would say, was that remark shortly after the battle, "If I had had Jackson at Gettysburg, in all human reason, I would have won a victory."

Thomas Nelson Page, after seeking in every possible way to shift the blame from the shoulders of Lee, has made this admission, "possibly it failed because he called on his intrepid army for more than human strength was able to achieve."

We like what Mr. E. W. Thomson wrote recently under "The Recollections of a Cavalry Trooper":

"A day's driving about the great three days' battlefield enables one to understand clearly what happened. It was as if the Almighty, even as Homer understood him to be, had nodded to fix irrevocably, at the beginning of the fight, the doom of its issue. It was as if he had said, 'Two days shall the South triumph; every hour of that time shall the North, beaten, increase in strength; the valor of the victors of the first two days shall irresistibly pound their foes into an impregnable position; on the third day I will take away the wisdom of the great leader of the South; he shall then require of his soldiers a deed that mortal flesh and blood cannot perform; and shall be their slaughter and their rout.' For, standing on Little Round Top, the Federal left, viewing the ground to Culp's Hill, where the Blue right lay, it appears incredible that a general so masterly as Lee could have ordered the third day's charge unless he had come under the doom, 'He whom the gods would destroy they first make mad.' That Pickett's, Longstreet's, Hill's, Armistead's regiments, should have endured a whole mile of hell, until their relics came to hand-to-hand fighting, is either an incredible thing, or an unsurpassed instance of human courage. You could weep there over the dream of the charge and the carnage. Yet it is all so strangely blest to us."

Every study of Gettysburg leads to the thought that God was during those three days of struggle giving special care and direction. The battle was the hitherto of the the confederacy. "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

Lee was playing for big stakes at Gettysburg. Up to that time the balances were on the side of the confederacy. As the Rev. Dr. Jesse Bowman Young, who has written the most recent study of Gettysburg, shows, he had repeatedly proved his ability to cope with the Army of the Potomac. McClellan had thrown away his great chance at South Mountain. Lee had made a laughing stock of Burnside at Fredericksburg, and with less than half as many men had easily outwitted and outfought Hooker at Chancellorsville.

And now this great leader of the confederate forces would invade Northern soil. By winning a campaign on Northern soil Lee hoped to determine France and England to recognize the confederacy; he hoped to bring about a financial panic in the North and the success there of that element which was advocating peace at any price. Victory to his arms at Gettysburg would have endangered Washington and Baltimore and Philadelphia and New York. All in all it was a masterly plan. And if Gettysburg had been won by the confederates who can can that there would not today be two North American republics?

Lincoln saw the gravity of the crisis. And Lincoln prayed. He has said that when he arose from his knees he felt a comforting relief and that his prayer was answered as he in his human wisdom had desired it to be answered.

Are we not, in view of all these facts, justified in saying that at Gettysburg there was with the South only an army of flesh, but that with the North was the Lord, their God, to help them and to fight their battles?

FIGHTING TO ELIMINATE NEGROES AND WHISKEY.

That is what Janes Kimble Vardaman, now United States Senator from Mississippi, is doing. He declares that the negro, whether he lives in Boston or Tallahassee, is to be eliminated from politics. He is not to vote anywhere or for any purpose; he is not to hold office, he is not to sit on juries; he is not to enter uninvited public places frequented by whites. Marriage between the races is to be declared a penitentiary offence.

A New York paper quotes him as saying:

"I am going to fight whiskey and the negro," he replied. "They are the twin evils of our civilization. The best place for the opening of the conflict is right here in Washington. I shall work for a separation of the white and black races in this city—compartments in street cars for negroes and the segregation of colored persons who have clerkships or executive positions in the departments of the Government. White women and white men are now subordinate to negroes in some offices. That infamy should not be tolerated.

"So much for Washington. The country as a whole, I believe, is ready to repeal the Fifteenth and to modify the Fourteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States. If the pusillanimous politicians are not ready the people sooner or later will insist that they be given an opportunity to vote on the proposition."

"The negro of the South does not vote at present," remarked his interviewer "Why go to the trouble of repealing the Fifteenth Amendment?"

"While the negro in most of our States is denied the privilege of voting," Senator Vardaman answered, "he can qualify in many places without much difficulty, and he will qualify in the future, and our State laws and constitutions will break down and be ineffective thereafter. We want the negro disfranchised everywhere for all time to come.

"Once the negro were disposed of as a citizen the solid South would disintegrate. As it is all the white men stand together. We cannot openly discuss the great questions of the age.

"But why do we so tenaciously stick together? some one in Massachusetts may ask. I answer that there are 55,000 more negro men in Mississippi than there are white men; that the negro population in my State is 1,100,000, and that the white population is but 770,000. What is the tariff to us in the face of such a black flood? What do we care about gold, silver or paper money if our cities, our counties and even our commonwealth are in danger of negro government?

Senator Vardaman is quoted further as saying: "I am the best friend the negroes have in the United States, opinions to the contrary notwithstanding, but I deliberately say they are not competent for self-government, let alone for participating in the government of whites.

"I have prevented more lynchings than has the Governor of any State in this country Lynchings have been stopped by me in person. I have gone on horseback, in buggies and on trains for that purpose.

"A man once called me to the door while the Grand Lodge of Masons was meeting in Jackson. An assault had been committed upon a young seamstress who was on her way home through the principal residence street of the city. We searched every negro house in Jackson that night, making several arrests, but doing no violence to anybody.

"I returned to the Executive Mansion at 6 o'clock in the morning and was just getting off my horse when a messenger notified me that a mob was breaking down the doors of the jail, bent on hanging one of the negro men whom we had locked up on suspicion. I got there as quickly as I could, running my horse at top speed. The mob had the negro and was dragging him into the street.

"I pulled him away from the lynchers, pushed him back into the jail, drew my revolver and said: 'I'll kill the first man who lays hands on that nigger.' Then I made a speech.

"The negro was tried and acquitted, though he ought to have been hanged on general principles, because he was a bad and worthless fellow. But he was not guilty of the crime for which the mob was bound to lynch him.

"I saved the lives of many other negroes while I was Governor. I am not the violent man so often pictured in Northern newspapers. Abraham Lincoln in his debates with Douglas outlined my policy and my views with respect to the negro. I have come to Washington purposely to take part in the settlement of the gravest and the greatest problem now before the American people.

"I am going to put the negro question right up to Congress. If Southern Senators do not support me they will have to settle with their constituents. If Northern Senators belittle the issue they will hear mighty suddenly from home."

The sale of liquor in the District of Columbia, so runs one item of Senator Vardaman's policy, is to be made unlawful by an act of Congress. Furthermore, the cause of prohibition throughout the United States is to be promoted wherever possible by national legislation.

It was his message after he became governor, he says, that brought state-wide prohibition in Mississippi.

In the fight to eliminate whiskey The Pacific can stand with Venator Vardaman, but not in the one to eliminate the negro.

But it were useless to deny that a fight of that kind is likely to be waged with considerable strength back of it.

THE GREAT DESTROYER.

Comparative figures show the appalling fact that alcohol is killing off as many Americans a year as all the wars of the world have killed in battle in 2,300 years.

Applied to the whole white race, we find that alcohol is killing 3,500,000 white men every year, five times as many as have been killed in war in 2,300 years; so, that mathematically, alcohol is 10,000 times more destructive than all wars combined.

Looking upon a nation as climbing a ladder of evolution, alcohol, like a millstone, drags it half way to the bottom. The full significance of this drug appears when we realize that upon the average standard of character of its citizens must rest the institutions of a nation. As young as our nation is, the deadly work of alcohol has already blighted liberty in our greatest cities.

At the present rate of the growth of cities over country life, if no check is put upon the spread of alcoholic degeneracy, the day can not be far distant when liberty in great States must go under. From the standpoint of the State, there is but one decision. This great destroyer must be destroyed.

The people have a right to vote on such a vital question and a majority have the right to rule. The scope of this principle must extend from the smallest political unit to the largest. Therefore, the constitution of a State is the true, ultimate abiding place for prohibition for the State. The constitution of the United States is the true abiding place for prohibition for the nation.

We can all go forward in the great war with a song in our hearts, each to do his full duty, whether as an officer or as a private in the ranks, knowing that whatever betide, whether the heavens fall or the earth melt away, whether we see the victory or die in the conflict, that "The Lord of Hosts is with us"—that "The God of Jacob is our refuge."—Hon. Richmond P. Hobson, of Alabama.

ERRONEOUS VIEWS AS TO WAGES UNJUST AND DAMAGING TO WORKING GIRLS.

In the opinion of a representative group of investigators chosen from the ranks of social workers, educators, and heads of civic organizations, who have made inquiries throughout the country, the low wage scale is scarcely ever a cause for the downfall of young women and the spread of the social evil. The verdict was announced recently by a committee appointed at an informal conference held in New York City last April.

Attention was called at the conference to the prominence given to the subject of low wages in investigations of the white slave traffic. This, the conferees agreed, worked a certain amount of injustice to self-supporting women, and to remedy the situation the following committee was appointed to prepare a statement for the public:

Prof. Jeremiah W. Jenks, New York University, former Chairman of the committee of the United States Immigration Commission in charge of the investigation of the importation of women, James Bronson Reynolds, counsel for the American Vigilance Association; Miss Katherine Bement Davis, Superintendent New York State Reformatory for Women; Henry W. Herbert, City Magistrate; Miss Rose Sommerfeld, Superintendent of the Clara de Hirsch Home for Working Girls in New York; Frederick H. Whitin, General Secretary of the Committee of Fourteen in New Yok, and Miss Florence M. Marshall, Principal of the Manhattan Trade School for Girls in New York.

This committee submitted a tentative draft of the public notice to their conferres throughout the country, who incorporated suggestions and eventually signed the statement issued two weeks ago which reads in part as follows:

"The comments made in the newspapers of late concerning vice among working girls, especially in department stores, indicate clearly that there has been a wide misconception on the part of many regarding the subject. The undersigned are of the opinion that these comments have been grossly unjust to the working girls, and that from the widespread publicity given these mistaken views grave evils are likely to result. In fact we believe evils have in many cases already resulted therefrom to society and even to the working girls themselves. We do not wish in these comments in any way to express an opinion regarding the wages paid to working girls, certainly not to intimate they are too high or even sufficient. That is a question to be considered on different grounds, and our sympathy is strongly with the working girls.

"In order to aid at least a little in minimizing this evil of mistaken opinion, we venture to suggest that in recent accounts many vital points have been ignored. Clearly any thorough investigation of the subject should include questions regarding the age of working girls, their school training, mental development, heredity, occupation, hours of work, whether apprentices or regular workers; source of support if apprentices, or if not working; whether living at home or contributing to support of the home; the use made of their wages; previous depraving influences; views regarding sex relationship of the common intimate associates of the girl; the forms of her social recreation, and it is particularly important to ascertain how money received, if at all, as the price of a girl's fall, was spent, whether for necessities, luxuries, or for her family.

"If such matters were covered, we would be more certain regarding the conclusions reached. Our own observation and experience would indicate that the most important contributing causes of immorality of girls are weakness of mind and will, individual temperament, immoral associates, lack of religious or ethical training, injurious home influences, cramped living accommodations, lack of industrial efficiency, idleness, unwillingness to accept available employment, love of finery and pleasure, unwholesome amusement, inexperience, and ignorance of social temptations."

Among the signers of the statement are Mrs. Robert S. Barrett, President of National Florence Crittenton Mission, Alexandria, Va.; Emma J. Brown, Superintendent of Salvation Army Women's Rescue Home, Mrs. Clarence Burns, President of Little Mothers' Aid Association, New York; Jane Byrne, Head Resident of Lawrence House, Baltimore; R. W. Corwin, M. D., Chairman of Special Committee of American Medical Association; Mrs. Alida B. Hazard, Vice-President of Woman's Municipal League, New York; C. R. Henderson of the Vice Commission of Chicago, Mrs. Charles H. Israels, Committee on Amusements for Working Girls, New York; John F. Keating, Superintendent of Schools, Pueblo, Col.; George J. Kneeland, Director of Investigation Vice Commission of Chicago; John P. Peters, rector of St. Michael's Church and Chairman of the Committee of Fourteen, New York; Marion D. Shutter, Chairman of Morals Commission, Minneapolis, and Hubert Work, ex-president of American Psychological Society. Those names ought to carry weight and the publication of their conclusion stop some of the superficial findings of well-meaning but misguided and damaging reformers. Wisdom should always be coupled with zeal.

A WOMAN MAYOR IN OREGON.

One month after the passing of the amendment giving the women of Oregon the right to vote, Miss Clara Cynthia Munson was elected mayor of Warrenton by a large majority.

Miss Munson is a student of civic problems and is exceedingly well informed, partly owing to the influence of her father, J W Munson, who was an Oregon pioneer of 1853, and a lighthouse keeper for over 30 years. The long

and lonely hours which are the accompaniment of this occupation gave him much time for reading and studying politics and kindred subjects, and as his daughter acted as his assistant during his later years, she acquired a knowledge that is not often accorded to women. While acting as keeper of the Canby lighthouse, on the Oregon shore, Mr. Munson saved 23 persons who had been shipwrecked. During his later years he was keeper of the light at Point Adams station.

Miss Munson's mother is an Oregon pioneer of 1847, and also proudly boasts of being the first woman to cast the ballot in Clatsop county.

The Munson home is within a stone's throw of the historic ground of Lewis and Clark, where they spent the winter of 1805-6, and is only a short distance from the Astor settlement of 1811, Astoria. Warrenton is situated near the mouth of the Columbia river and is only a few miles from the Pacific ocean.

Miss Munson was formerly a school teacher and has been school clerk for the last four years. She has also served as assistant postmaster for eight. She is as well interested in raising geese and at present has a flock of about 100 of these fowls.

In speaking of her duties as mayor Miss Munson says:

"I am trying to give my city an economical and business-like administration, and I am trying to manage the affairs of Warrenton as faithfully as I manage my own. My council is of men, and so far everything has been pleasant and harmonious. I rather enjoy the office. She did not seek the office and knew nothing of the plan to make her a candidate until notified that she had been nominated.

CHILD GARDENERS IN LOS ANGELES.

Twenty-five thousand children out of approximately 80,000 attending the public schools of Los Angeles are amateur gardeners as a result of which fully three fifths of them are now growing vegetables, flowers and shrubbery at their homes.

The headway made by the youngsters is far in excess of the most sanguine expectations of Clayton F. Palmer, supervisor of agriculture, employed by the board of education for the specific purpose of looking after the children in this connection. This department, conducted under the authority of the school board, while scarcely a year old, has accomplished a great deal and before the beginning of the next school term expects to have an experimental station, located some little distance out from the city, on which is to be erected a "model home," the latter to be planned by the department of domestic science and used by it for purposes of instruction and practical illustration, while the grounds will be in charge of the agricultural department and laid out in model vegetable, fruit and flower gardens, and furnishing the domestic science department with such products as are required in its work. Teachers will be trained at the station in gardening and all of its principles, thereby adding greatly to the system of training given the school children When this station is established it will be the first and only one of its kind in the United States and a distinct advantage to the children.

Adjacent to or adjoining 70 of the public schools of Los Angeles may be seen lots, formerly bare, on which are now growing various kinds of vegetables and flowers.

Much enthusiasm has been aroused in the children, and even the little tots in the kindergartens have their own gardens. The supervisor has an assistant and three instructors, and these instructors visit each of the 70-odd schools at regular intervals

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THE CALL OF THE CHURCH.

W. N. Burr.

"I don't get anything at church. I prefer to go to the park and sit under the grand old trees. I would think you'd be awfully tired going to church twice every Sunday and again every Wednesday night. I don't see what enjoyment you get out of it. It makes me nervous to try to sit still so long."

Perhaps it was a man who said it, perhaps it was a woman; and possibly it is a composite report of remarks made by two or more individuals; but I have heard something like it from somebody, at some time, I am very sure. In truth, one hears it everywhere—almost everywhere. At this moment I can recall but one community that I have ever visited which seemed to have in it no non-church-goers, and no unwilling church-goers. Last summer I spent part of one day at Metlakahtla, Alaska, face to face with the results of fifty years of missionary work among the Alaska Indians under the lead of that plucky missionary, William Duncan. His church has about one thousand sittings; there are about one thousand Indians on the island —no other residents—and the church attendance is usually about one thousand, when the men are not away at the fishing banks, as they are compelled to be at certain times. Christian Indians go to church;—and some people who are not Indians have the church habit.

Why do I go to church twice on Sunday and every Wednesday evening, and between the Sundays and the Wednesdays, too, when the call of the church reaches me? "The call of the church"—I am glad I thought to put it in that way. We have had "the call of the wild," and "the call of the sea," and "the call of the mountains," and "the call of the desert," and I know not how many other "calls" —why not "the call of the church?" Some of us do feel it. We sense the subtle lure of it, just as some people are conscious of an irresistable drawing toward the wilderness. The church passion is "as it were a burning fire shut up in our bones," and we coud no more be happy "out under the grand old trees" at church service time than could the prophet Jeremiah enjoy his lapse from the duty of "making mention of Jehovah, and speaking in His name." Some of us go to church "as the duck takes to water." It is our "natural element," and we waddle and stumble and make all sorts of awkward work of it if we are ever compelled to try to make our way through a Sunday with people to whom the real church is a sealed book.

But I do not think I go to church only because "it is my nature to."

I go because I feel the need of an ever-clearing spiritual vision. Physical culture, and mental culture, and social culture make their demands upon me, but they do not fully satisfy. There is passion of a finer quality that demands the burning bush and the Mysterious Voice and the thrill of reverent awe; but the bushes would not burn for me were I to forsake the temple service for a Sunday picnic in the woods, or even for the day alone out "under the grand old trees." It is because I have first had vision of God in service among the little children and the young people and the older saints and the inquiring souls, and in

worship in the temple service, that I find every bush aflame with God when I do go out for a day in the open.

"But cannot one worship God as well out under the trees as at church?" I am not so sure of it as many good people seem to be. Granting that one **can**, how many **do**? But worship without service is faith without works, and, if the Apostle James is right, that sort of faith lacks the very essential that any dead thing lacks. Come to think of it, "organized Christianity"—organized for service, the Christianity that is "doing things"—is the kind that counts; and that kind is not found out under the grand old trees every Sunday with its back turned to the church, nursing a critical mind toward the church; organized, working Christianity centers at the house of the Lord, as would soon be evident if this rallying-place were to be swept suddenly and entirely from the face of the earth and not allowed to return for several months. Jesus is glad to reveal himself to men out under the grand old trees on the very top of the Mount of Transfiguration, but he is not willing to stay there, nor to allow his disciples to remain there.

To put it plainly: nine-tenths of the present-day "out-under-the-grand-old-trees" religion, with a fling at the church, is pure selfishness, and not Christianity at all. Many people take to the woods under pretext of looking through Nature up to Nature's God because they want to throw off the responsibilities of the church. They talk of "worship," but they don't want to be tied down to "service." Some of them see a poetic fire burning in the bushes, but the voice of God calling out of the midst of the bush, saying, "I will send **thee** to teach and encourage and uplift thy fellows"—that voice they do not hear.

There are those who think themselves out of sympathy with the church who **do** hear the voice of God in the burning bush calling them to most unselfish service for human betterment; but where can one of these be found who **knows** the church as it really is?

In this connection, I am strongly inclined to subjoin the closing paragraphs of an article entitled, "What of the Children?" which appeared a day or two ago on the editorial page of the Los Angeles Times. The article was written by Neeta Marquis, a name well-known in literary and religious circles in Southern California as that of a most interesting, well-poised writer and charity worker:

"Social workers among children and young people are unanimous in the declaration that lack of home training is the greatest factor in this decline of juvenile rectitude. And the growing indifference to the old-fashioned Sunday is one of the conspicuous features of this parental irresponsibility.

"'Parents often say, as did one mother in Los Angeles recently, 'I am perfectly willing my little girl should go to Sunday-school, but if she doesn't want to go, I don't feel that I should make her.'

" 'Do you allow her to stay out of day school that way?' was asked of this particular mother.

"Oh, no. That's different,' she answered.

"Different? Yes—day school is primarily for the disciplining of the child's mind, with incidental moral teachings; Sunday-school deals fundamentally with moral instruction and enlightenment, and brings an incidental enrichment of the intellect. Of the two, history demonstrates that moral discipline is the more vital, both to the child and the state.

"The child who is cheated out of a thorough course of Sunday-school training loses that out of his life which will leave it poorer, no matter what amends may be made in the study and experience of later years. The Bible, a compilation of the most wonderful literature of the ages, forms the basis of our occidental education and culture. Without a close and intimate knowledge of it, many of the most exquisite things in modern literature, art and music are quite incomprehensible. But it is not a text-book of the intellect and the aesthetic nature, per se. Every page of it, whether of history, philosophy, poetry or sociology, is primarily calculated to exercise an influence upon the moral life of man, and to instruct him, by way of precept, example or warning, in the ways of righteousness. For a parent weakly to refrain from putting his child under the influence of such a powerful agency for good is to work him an irreparable injury, for that kind of a parent is never one to substitute an entirely adequate course of home training along the same lines.

"Sunday-school has been the subject of jokes without end, and the good little boy who chooses Sunday-school in preference to the old swimming hole on the morning of the first day of the week is considered a very humorous figure by the comic artist and writer of cheap songs. But the fact remains that Sunday-school habitues are not the boys and girls with whom Judge Wilbur is having to deal in the Juvenile Court in these days, nor are their parents the ones who are shedding tears of remorse and anguish over sons and daughters gone to actual or moral death by the joy-ride and the cocktail and the ragtime route."

Is there not something in all this for the non-church-goer or the unwilling church-goer to be thinking about? Is not just simple church attendance and interest an obligation for the sake of others—the children and other people? Why send the children to Sunday-school and cut the whole thing ourselves? What will the child soon be likely to be thinking about it?

Pomona, Calif.

MORE MEDIEVAL HISTORY.

J. Rowell.

Checkered Life of a Kanaka.

I found one day, on Commercial street, a Hawaiian boot-black, and from him and the Rev. E. C. Starr of Cornwall Conn. I learned his strange history. His name was William Great—in his own tongue Kanui (pronounced Za-noo-e), and he had sailed on many seas. He was one of three "Owhyhean" (Hawaiian) boys whom Captain Winship of the ship Oheu took to Boston in 1806. In his family at Brighton, Mass., he lived for some years as a servant

It may be said, in passing, that the taking of these three Kanaka boys to Boston had something to do with the institution of the American Board of Missions, since for them was opened the Foreign Missions School, in Cornwall, Conn.

The next we hear of him he had shipped on a privateer in the war of 1812. He was in several engagements but escaped unhurt. In 1816 he entered the Foreign Missions School at Cornwall, Conn., where he got a good knowledge of the English language.

In Boston he formed the acquaintance of Cornelius, afterwards a noted missionary, and by him and some pious Yale students, was led to Christ, and the records of the First Church of Cornwall, Conn., show that he became a member of that church on September 7th, 1818.

At some time in these years he nursed Henry Oboakiah in his last sickness and received from him a message to friends in his native land (I cannot make out the exact order of all the events of his life). In 1819 he went with the first band of missionaries to the Hawaiian Isles, and there engaged in teaching the English language to the princes of the royal family and others. At one time he had a hundred pupils in his school. This was the summit of his career, but he lost all through strong drink and was excommunicated from the church for drunkenness.

In 1849 he came to California with T. D. Hunt and went up to the placer mines. He was successful, gained $6,000 and brought it to San Francisco. He was taken ill, and fearing his money would be stolen, he deposited it with Page, Bacon & Co., and three days later they failed, leaving him penniless. Then he went to the mines again but was unsuccessful and returned here, poorer than ever.

I should have said that during his first sojourn in the mines he lived an eminently religious life—would sometimes go forty or fifty miles to attend church services, and aided in the organization of a church at Volcano. But on his return to the mines, misfortunes had served to cool his zeal and he was anything but the Christian that he used to be. His troubles with the water companies and his lack of success in mining soured his temper and he came to neglect all spiritual things. He became "broke" and wholly discouraged and returned to this city, homeless and hopeless—in fact, a vagrant. He got a place in a private boarding house, not very reputable probably, where he ate and slept and got little or no wages, and at last got to where I found him.

Now, so far, was not his a marvelous life? Born in a heathen land, where, before then few feet of white men had ever trodden, carried, while a boy, in an American ship, fifteen thousand miles across two oceans, to a city on the opposite side of the globe, knowing nothing of the English language, save the sailor lingo heard on the ship, living for three years as a servant in a not too friendly family, found out and led to Christ by some inchoate missionaries, after years of war in defense of a flag for which he cared nothing, then well trained in a school instituted for just such heathen boys as himself; then, having just the fitting needed, becoming the teacher in Hawaii of that band of missionaries, going to evangelize his countrymen, during that five months' voyage over that same fifteen thousand miles; then becoming instructor in English of the royal family of his own country; then drifting over the ocean to the land of newly discovered gold, a friendless stranger, toiling and suffering; now rich and then poor, sometimes living a faithful Christian life, and then, through trouble and strong drink, almost forgetful of God and righteousness, till at last God led me to him, almost a vagrant, getting a scanty living, shining boots on Commercial street. A strangely checkered life, indeed!

But there is much more yet to tell.

The Central "Christian" Church of Portland received to membership recently a Roman Catholic known as "Sister Lucretia." A correspondent writes: "She has been a Roman Catholic all her life, as were her parents before her. She has been a nun and 'Sister of Charity,' wearing the name 'Sister Lucretia,' for thirty years and eight months. She has resided in Portland nineteen years, eighteen being spent as trained nurse at the St. Vincent Hospital, a part of which time she was in charge of one of the floors of this institution. She is happy in her newfound faith and liberty, but her constant thought now is for her former associates and 'Sisters' in bondage."

A REMARKABLE TRIBUTE AND A BEAUTIFUL SPIRIT.

California will soon welcome the Rev. Dr. Raymond C. Brooks who went from Oakland to Walla Walla, Washington, nearly five years ago. Dr. Brooks found great opportunities opening up before him in that college town and throughout the entire Pacific Northwest. He arose to those opportunities, and now he comes back to California with such a record for service as gives promise of the accomplishment of much as student pastor at the University of California and professor of homiletics in Pacific Theological Seminary.

It was hard for the people of Walla Walla to give up Dr. and Mrs. Brooks, but the spirit in which they did it was fine. In order that the people of California may know the affection in which they were held in Walla Walla and the beautiful spirit of the people in surrendering them we give here an address made by Professor Bratton of Whitman College at a farewell reception:

"It is difficult to choose what to say on an occasion like this. The time is brief, but even though an hour were allowed, it would be utterly inadequate for the expression of our regret that Dr. Brooks is going and our appreciation of his years of service here. If I were to search my vocabulary for a word which would express the feeling of the individual members of this congregation for Dr. and Mrs. Brooks, I doubt if I should find another which would so nearly compass our thought as 'Friendship.' Dr. Brooks, you and Mrs. Brooks seem to have a genius for friendship, and there is not a member of this congregation who, during the years of your pastorate, has not had occasion to feel the breadth of your sympathy, to realize in a peculiar and personal way your friendship for him. Of course, you do not become less our friend because you have moved away from our city, but we shall miss the closeness of association which has constituted one of the most valuable assets of their common daily life, and so individually we shall miss you and regret that you must go.

"As a church we regret that we shall be deprived of your pastoral leadership. We shall miss not only the inspiration of your teaching, but also your guidance and co-operation in the many fields of service which you have opened up for us. With a new vision of means and ways of service, we had looked forward to many years of labor, together, in ever-widening circles of usefulness, and we are disappointed that this plan is not to be realized. There are many things in the life of a church into which a pastor goes only with the lapse of a considerable period of time. We cannot hope to get a new pastor, no matter how great his ability, who will do for us and with us that which you could have done. We are not discouraged as to the ultimate accomplishment of our task, but we do feel a great sense of loss in your withdrawal from our pastorate.

"But I believe that I express the judgment of the mem-

bers of this church and congregation when I say that regret, sorrow, loss, are not the dominant notes in our feeling at this time, but rather we are filled with a deep sense of rejoicing and heartfelt gratitude that we have the results of your splendid pastorate. For the last five years we have heard from our pulpit a modern gospel, a gospel which was able to harmonize with all the progress of the centuries in philosophy and in science, and which yet found its basis and authority in the life and teaching of Jesus Christ as described in the New Testament. We have had an example in your life of consecrated Christian living, and under these influences we have felt an enlarging of our vision, a growth in our wisdom and knowledge of truth, a development in our sweetness of spirit, and these things we cannot lose. So then I say to you, Dr. Brooks, that you are not leaving a broken church, filled with a sense of sorrow and loss, but a strong, efficient church organization, inspired by the great gospel message which you have given us, with an enlarged vision of our possible service, and with strong purpose to make the future of this church count richly in the cause of the Kingdom of Heaven."

Prof. Bratton stated then that the church having desired Dr. Brooks to have in written form some expression of its appreciation of his service had caused to be prepared a letter which was presented by a committee. This letter was in the main as follows:

"We cannot hope to analyze and set down in formal phrases all that your life amongst us has meant. Leadership, guidance, instruction, inspiration to high thought and worthy action, occasional kindly admonition, encouragement in our weakness or despair, sympathy and consolation in our sorrows, help in our need, joyous companionship in our pleasures, and willing, effective labor with us when we have undertaken things worth while; all of these things you have given us, not as passed-on, church-learned precepts or laborious pastoral duties, but touched with living passion, born of the vision of truth in the gospel of Jesus Christ, whose happy servant and representative in our midst you have been.

"You have found many of us troubled and hindered by doubt and theological difficulties. You have led us to turn our eyes away from them to the heart of Christ's teaching and in the knowledge of its truth we are free.

"Your liberal and tolerant gospel has won for our church the good will of the other churches of the city, and has brought us honor and support from many who before found little good in churches and religion.

"In Whitman's time of need your generous sacrifice of your own cherished plan, and your leadership in the great campaign which followed made possible the salvation of the college to Walla Walla and the continuation of its great work on its present foundation, upheld by an enlarged appreciation for its work in the community. In your relationship as instructor and friend to the students at the college, you have assisted in the molding of character and judgment in those who will powerfully influence every community in the Northwest in the next generation.

"Your attitude toward and your efforts for civic righteousness have been so sane and vigorous as to enable the co-operation of officials and right-minded citizens in making much progress in betterment of conditions in this city and has established such mutual confidence between officials, good citizens, and the church, as to make further rapid progress possible and probable.

"Your relation to the wider field of religion and education in the Northwest has been one of unusual helpfulness, and with us the leaders in these fields feel on your going a sense of almost irreparable loss.

"We are sorry that the great work so strongly founded here is no longer to have your leadership, but we rejoice in the possession of the wonderful fruitage of your pastorate. We shall follow you sympathetically in the great task which you have felt called to assume, and wherever your paths may lie, both you and Mrs. Brooks will have the admiration and affection of the members of this church and congregation."

Addresses equally strong were made by the mayor of the city and by a representative of the ministerial union. We quote from that by the mayor:

"Dr. Brooks is best known in Walla Walla through his work in the Congregational Church and in Whitman College; his work in the church is best known to the members of this organization, and in the great debt-raising compaign for the college his services were invaluable, and through it all he has shown an immense capacity for organization and effective work. His services here have been of great value in bringing all classes of our people together in building up the city and wiping out old factions and feuds, and he has never been too busy to lend a helpful hand where it was needed. He has shown a capacity for steadfast, loyal friendship, and has been unafraid to criticize where he deemed criticism necessary.

"The work to which he goes in California is one of great magnitude and is beset with grave difficulties, but his friends here have confidence in his success."

An editorial in one of the daily papers the next day:

"At a reception tendered to Dr. and Mrs. R. C. Brooks last night at the Congregational Church, one of the speakers struck the keynote when he designated Dr. Brooks as Walla Walla's 'most useful citizen.' No one who has been in touch with the many activities of Dr. Brooks in this community will question the fact that no man has influenced our men and women so splendidly or so largely as he.

"What greater honor could be bestowed on anyone than this title of 'most useful citizen'? Surely it should mean more than crown or uncountable riches. That this compliment has been earned no one will deny. People in all stations of life, of all creeds and no creeds, will gladly say aye.

"Dr. Brooks will soon labor in a new field, yet the results of his beneficent work will live on, in not only church work, but in civic and educational circles. Washington's loss is California's gain."

"We often fail by searching far and wide
For what lies close at hand. To serve our turn,
We ask fair wind and favorable tide.
From the dead Danish sculptor let us learn
To make occasion, not to be denied;
Against the sheer, precipitous mountain side
Thorwaldsen carved his Lion at Lucerne."

He that knows not when to be silent knows not when to speak.—Frederick I.

The best foundation for a spotless flag is the open Bible.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Escondido.—The first Sunday of July thirteen persons were received into membership, three on confession. Six churches and the W. C. T. U. unite in eight open-air services in the city park during the summer. The first one was a grand Sunday School demonstration in honor of the World's Sunday School Convention at Zurich—one feature a men and boy's parade. Sunday last Mr. Frost supplied for Dr. Thorp at San Diego.

Rio Vista.—Three were added to our membership at the last communion, one of the number being a man eighty-three years of age, who received the rite of baptism, and united with the church on confession of his faith. The Ladies' Aid Society are making plans for annual bazaar in the fall. At a recent meeting twenty-three new members, including Messrs. Patrick Calhoun and Thornwell Mullaley, were added to the roll. The success of the stereopticon at the Sunday evening services last season was so marked that Mrs. Peter Cook is planning to install a moving picture machine in the church for the coming winter's work.

Pacific Grove.—Our church is getting the benefit of visits from several rare men this summer. On July 6th Rev. J. Percival Huget, D.D., pastor of our First Church, Detroit, preached for Mr. Palmer in the evening on "The Mistake of the Minimum." Dr. Huget's mother is a member of Mayflower Church. July 13th Dr. James H. McLaren of Pasadena preached the evening sermon to an audience so large that extra seats were required. His theme was "The Immortality of Kindly Deeds." And July 20 to 27 Dr. E. L. House will be with us, giving two addresses each day on Psycho-Therapy. Rev. E. Belden Hart of Petaluma and Rev. E. O. Tade of Los Angeles are also here and are helpful in the church life.

Loomis.—The building committee decided at a recent meeting to secure plans for a new church building. The old building no longer meets the demands of the church. The Sabbath school has the largest attendance in its history; the enrollment is 110. The C. E. is making fine progress; at a recent meeting they received 12 new members. The pastor has organized a young people's club of the Congregational Church with a membership of something over fifty; they have secured temporary quarters consisting of an assembly hall, a reading room, room for games and a kitchen. They are planning an opening which will take place very soon, when they will welcome their friends. The plan will be to give them the basement of the new church building.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. Frank W. Dean of Sebastopol has been elected a delegate to the National Council by the Sonoma Association.

The Rev. C. L. Mears of Alameda will occupy the pulpit of Plymouth Church Seattle, Sunday, July 27, and August the 3rd.

Next Monday at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity there will be an address by Dr. Hager on present conditions in China.

The Rev. Dr. House is to be with Mayflower Church, Pacific Grove, this week and next. Early next month he will go to his home at Hood River, Oregon, for a rest before entering on a more extensive campaign.

High appreciation has been expressed for the fine preaching and work of Rev. R. W. Rogers, who has been supplying at Park Congregational Church during the past few months, with the understanding that he would accept the call providing the plans for consolidation were carried out by the Park and Sunset churches. The work at Park, which had become badly crippled financially by removals, was carried on not only after but before the beginning of the plans for consolidation without missionary aid, a large percentage of the money for running expenses being raised on the outside and by special effort by Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, a Comfort Guild being especially helpful in this respect. The congregations at Sunset were growing rapidly in the evening and a good Endeavor Society was organized which promises to take up the work in earnest with the beginning of the fall months.

Returns from the recent letter sent out by the pastoral committee of the First Congregational Church of Oakland show 511 votes in favor of calling the Rev. A. W. Palmer to the pastorate. There were 75 against it, and a few were not ready to express any opinion. Unless, in the brief time it now has for action, the committee can show that these seventy-five votes on final consideration—and a few others from among several hundred yet unheard from likely to be cast that way—can be brought to the affirmative side, there is reason for the belief that Oakland and California will lose Mr. Palmer. We understand that he has told the church in Washington that he will give answer at an early date as to its call. Can the First Church of Oakland secure further consideration and expression within the time limit, inasmuch as the people are widely scattered, it being the vacation season? Will Mr. Palmer feel that he can withhold decision as to the Washington call long enough to enable the Oakland church to act? With so strong a call from Washington, will Mr. Palmer accept here anything other than a call that is practically unanimous? These are some of the questions arising.

SEATTLE DAILY VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL.

The Daily Vacation Bible School of the Plymouth Congregational Church, the only one of its kind on the coast, began its sessions Monday, July 14, under the charge of the Rev. Louis E. Scholl. It will be run for two weeks, and there will be five teachers besides the officers.

Before the school opened a canvass of the district about the church was made and personal invitations were extended to all children to come. Last year was the first for the school and the expectations of Mr. Scholl were more than fulfilled.

There was an enrollment of more than 60, twice as many as had been expected. When it came time to close the school last summer many children cried because they could not come any longer, said Mr. Scholl.

The program of the school day, except Saturday, will

consist of singing, Bible stories, raffia work, sewing for girls, manual training for boys, gymnasium and shower baths, kindergarten work and a stereopticon lecture at the close of each session. The school hours are from 9 to 12 in the morning. The gymnasium and shower baths are open all the year and the kindergarten will run throughout the summer under the charge of two expert teachers. It is expected there will be more enrolled in the kindergarten than in any other department.

On Saturdays during the Bible school there will be outings.

The summer Bible school originated in New York in 1901, and was established because of three factors in social waste: Idle children crowding the streets, idle churches in their vicinity, and idle students on vacation. In the Eastern cities, where it is well established, it runs about six weeks and commencement exercises are held.

AN EXPLANATION.

The editor of The Pacific, in comparing me with the Rev. Mr. Tully, of Media, Pa., says that I am not preaching in these days. It is a sad fact that I seldom preach, but this is not because of want of mental or physical vigor, but solely for lack of opportunity. I would be glad to preach oftener than I do, even if for no better motive than that I might so escape the bitter feeling that I am living an almost useless life. J. ROWELL.

The reward of labor is not the crown and the prize, but life itself.

More and more do the highest spirits perceive that their duty is to the brotherhood of man.

Some office seekers are appointed, but more are disappointed.

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EAVESDROPPING.

Though the winds but stir on their hoary thrones
Of hemlock and pungent pine,
All the whispering woodland tones
Gossip of things divine—

Why God is gray in the granite rock,
And green in the lichen flake,
And swift in the darting swallow flock,
And slow in the lapping lake;

Why God is sweet in the hermit thrush,
And hoarse in the frog; and why
His touch on the bee is golden plush,
And gauze on the stinging fly;

Why God is life in the mushroom there,
And death in the toadstool here;
Mirth in the dancing maidenhair;
In its hidden adder, fear.

Oh, if this berry that stains my lip
Could teach me the woodland chat,
Science would bow to my scholarship,
And theology doff the hat.

—Katharine Lee Bates in Suburban Life.

VACATION WIVES.

This is the season when wives run away from their husbands. Not to stay permanently, perhaps, but for the summer outings, when they leave the home desolate and the man forlorn.

It has always been a mystery to me why a woman needed a longer rest period than a man. The average woman of the higher middle class—in other words, the woman of leisure—is not as hard-worked as her husband. In the old days, when women had large families and were overworked and worn out, it was often wise for them to seek some mountain or seaside resort, both for their own sakes and for the sake of the children. There is no excuse for a woman who leaves her husband alone for two or three months to seek her own selfish pleasure. Such a woman should not complain if she loses the affection of the man she has married, and indeed she is often to blame for a state of affairs which makes him seek the companionship of others, in order to get rid of the loneliness which oppresses him.

Everybody knows that the hot weather taxes to the utmost our powers of digestion, yet the deserted husband eats his meals at any old place, indulges in food which a wise housewife would not set before him, and not only that, but his meals are taken at irregular hours, and sometimes omitted from sheer lack of interest in them.

Few women realize the absolute sinking of heart which comes to a man when he faces a lonely house. Often the servant has been dismissed, and unmade beds, dusty furniture and unwashed dishes are his welcome after a busy day. It is as far away from the hearthstone ideal as one can conceive. Is it any wonder that such a man allows bitterness to creep in as he thinks of his wife, exquisitely dressed, perfectly comfortable, enjoying cool breezes while

he swelters, eating dainty and appetizing food and happy in the society of other women and perhaps of other men?

I wish that every woman who has hitherto consulted only her own comfort and ease in summer would resolve that she would be a vacation wife as well as a winter one. Home is not an unpleasant place in summer time if rooms are kept cool and clean, if iced drinks and tempting viands are on tap, and there are always the week-end trips which husband and wife may take together to nearby resorts. The money that the wife would spend on an elaborate outfit and expensive board will provide taxicabs and touring-cars, will make possible roof-garden suppers and shore dinners, and there is no limit to the influence that such jolly little jaunts together will have on the future lives of the man and of the woman who loves him.

Put yourself in the man's place. Suppose for one whole summer your husband should leave you to loneliness and the unshared burdens? You will say, perhaps, that there is no reason why two people should be uncomfortable, when one might be enjoying cool breezes and quiet nooks. Of course, that is one point of view. The other is that of the man you leave behind. If you do not share his life, who will? What of his lonely evenings? Most men are social creatures. Lacking the one who is nearest and dearest to them, they content themselves with some less congenial but more sympathetic person. And this not because of any lack of moral force, but merely in a man's defiance of conventions. He may see no harm in things that will cause other people to gossip and to question. You can best protect him by being with him. All reasons of justice and of sympathy should hold you to his side.—Philadelphia Press.

YOUR BOY'S "OWN" ROOM

The Human problem looms so large in some homes that all other household perplexities seem insignificant. The particular human problem in the home where I live has been John.

John is just turned 13 and is a normal, very active boy. Some months ago he began to show a disposition to wander from home at every opportunity. John's mother and his two older sisters held a consultation when they noticed how often he asked permission to do this. They believed that being so much away from home at this period of John's life, even at places so desirable as the public library, the Y. M. C. A. or educational entertainments, would soon lead him to look elsewhere for his pleasures. And they realized that the only thing to do was to make home more attractive to John than any other place in town.

His room was a small one opening out of the living room. It was John's in name only, for none of the family hesitated to enter it an any time, his sisters even using it occasionally for a sewing room. This room was kept painfully neat, and John was always in disgrace because magazines, library books, stamps, Boy Scout papers and all the belongings dear to a boy's heart persistently strewed his bed and often overflowed onto the tables and racks in other rooms of the house. On the walls hung two pictures, one a dingy winter landscape, the other a picture of an aunt whom John had never seen.

At the conference of which I spoke the mother suggested that John stay at home if his sisters gave him more privacy in his room. This suggestion was followed by others, the result being a transformation in John's environment.

One sister remembered that John had always admired a picture net and some banners on her walls—relics of college days. The picture net was removed to John's room and the sister invested in two 10 cent banners of the kind used on automobiles. The net was left empty except for a copy of one of Frederic Remington's pictures and a good motto.

John's other sister cut a sheet of cardboard about 12 by 20 inches, hung it on the wall vertically and printed across the top, "Things to Do and Know." Just below the printing were two clips and in these she slipped two or three pages of ideas cut from magazines. These pages contained information about stamps, useful homemade articles, simple magic and sleight-of-hand tricks, and many other things she knew were of interest to John. Below this she placed a simple magazine rack, with two shelves large enough to accommodate the largest magazines. This rack was made from a box, the outside being covered with matting and the inside neatly papered with plain wall paper.

The furniture of the room consisted of a single iron bed, a chiffonier, a desk and two chairs. To these was added a lapboard for games, etc., which was to be kept in the clothes closet when not in use. And John was always careful to put it away, too.

Then John's mother told him casually that, if he would keep his room in order, no one except herself should enter it without his permission. She also told him that he might use his own taste in decorating the walls, if he would be chary of pins and nail holes. John was overjoyed and began at once to fill his picture net and decorate to the queen's taste. The result may not be artistic from the adult point of view, but it is at any rate expressive of a wholesome boy's personality, and therefore admirable.

The idea of keeping suggestions for things to do appealed to John and he added daily to the pages of ideas; what is more, he acted upon the suggestions. His mother and sisters interested themselves in the working out of these ideas, and unconsciously John came to look upn them as partners, while they were daily surprised anew at the fund of general information which an open-eyed boy accumulates.

The first time that John asked to go to one of the boys' homes his mother said, "Why not have Lee come here and entertain him in your room with some of these many ideas"

John responded to the suggestions with an enthusiasm that made his mother wonder why she had never thought of this before.

The experiment has worked so well that someone asked me the other day why our boy always prefered to bring boys to his home rather than to seek his companionship elsewhere. We find, too, that John is much more helpful around the house than he used to be and is interested in all that pertains to home. Even now, as I write, I can hear him constructing an ash sifter for use in his daily home tasks.

If you find that your boy is losing interest in his home, why not try making him feel that one room is his castle, a storehouse of delights which he may share with you because of mutual interests. You will find, I am sure, that in solving the problem of the boy at home, you have gained an invaluable aid in solving your other home problems.—Marian C. Groves in The Continent.

Truthfulness is a foundation virtue. If a man's word is not to be trusted his whole character is unreliable.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

"You did not ask what that last blessing meant,
But smiled and took it, satisfied, content.
You did not think it strange. You thought he knew
And planned the sweet surprise which came to you.
Tried one, then do you take life's sweet and good,
Yet cannot trust that tender Fatherhood,
But think it makes mistake when'er it sends
Some hindrance which your eager haste offends?
Or, when he lets the wicked plot you harm,
And stir a whirlwind when you seek a calm;
You think it strange, this trial swift and keen.
And in your weakness ask, 'What does it mean?'

"I think the language of God's heart would read:
'I love my child; I note his slightest need.
I long to prosper him in all his ways,
To give him quiet nights and peaceful days.
But if I do, he'll loose himself from me,
My outstretched hand he will not wait to see.'
'I'll place a hindering wall before his feet.
There he will wait, and there we two will meet.'

"'My child will wonder, will not understand.
Still, half in doubt, he'll clasp my outstretched hand,
But when at last upon my heart he leans
He will have ceased to wonder what it means.'"

—Anna J. Grannis.

For The Children.

THE DEER AND THE CROW.

Once upon a time in a deep wood lived a Deer and a Crow, who were great friends and loved each other dearly. One day, as the Deer was roaming about alone, he met Small-Wit, the Jackal.

Small-Wit was hungry, and when he saw the fine fat Deer he said to himself: "Oh! if only I could have this fat Deer for my supper!" So he went up to the Deer, hanging his head and looking very sad.

"Who are you, Friend?" asked the Deer, "and why do you look so sad?"

"My name is Small-Wit," said the Jackal; "and I am sad because I have not a friend in the world. Ah! if I could win your friendship how happy I should be!"

"Very well," said the Deer, who was very good-natured. "Come with me, and we will be friends."

He led the way to his home, and the Jackal followed him. As they drew near Sharp-Sense, the Crow, called from the tree where he was perching: "Who is this number two, Friend Deer?"

"It is Small-Wit, the Jackal," said the Deer. "He is lonely, and wishes to be our friend."

"Friendship with stranger,
Friendship with danger!"

said the Crow.

Nay, said the Deer, I like this one better:

"Foe is friend, and friend is foe,
As our actions make them so."

"Very good," said Sharp-Sense: "as you will."

Next morning they went off hunting, and the Jackal said to the Deer: "I know a field of sweet corn, and I will take you there."

So the Deer followed Small-Wit, and, sure enough, they came to a field of sweet young corn.

"You are a friend indeed!" cried the Deer, and he feasted till suddenly he fell into a snare which the farmer had laid.

"Alas!" cried the Deer, "Friend Small-Wit, here am I caught by the feet, and cannot move. Come, I pray you, and gnaw these cords with your sharp teeth and set me free!"

The Jackal came and looked at the snare. "That will hold you fast enough," he said. "Today is a fast day, but tomorrow I will have a fine feast on your fat carcass, my foolish friend." And off he went.

Presently came along Sharp-Sense, the Crow, who had been looking for his friend. "Alas!" he cried, "how did this happen, Friend Deer?"

"Through not minding what you said," replied the Deer.

"Well," said the Crow, "we must do what we can. Here comes the farmer. Do you lie still and pretend to be dead until I croak: then spring up and be off."

The farmer came along and saw our friend lying perfectly still. "Aha!" he cried, "this fellow will eat no more of my corn."

He stooped down and untied the cords of the snare, meaning to carry off the dead Deer; but at that moment the Crow gave a loud "Caw!" Up sprang the Deer and in a moment was safe in the forest. The farmer flung a club after him; it hit Small-Wit, the Jackal, who was lurking near by hoping to have a share of the spoil, and killed him; and the two friends went home happy.—India.

THE STORY OF SCISSORS-BOY AND PUSSY-CAT.

There was once a little boy who found his mother's scissors—then he found the Pussy-Cat.

"What do you want, little Scissors-Boy?" purred Pussy-Cat.

"I want to play 'barber'," answered the little boy, taking a handkerchief out of his pocket to tie around her neck.

"Keep still, Pussy-Cat," said Scissors-Boy, holding Pussy with his left hand.

"Meow—meow....m-e-o-w," cried Pussy-Cat, trying to get away.

"Keep still, Pussy-Cat. "I'm going to be a barber and trim your 'whickers' for you. You're Grandpa and I'm the barber—Grandpa has his 'whickers' trimmed every Sunday morning."

"Me-o-w, m-e-o-w!" cried Pussy-Cat as Scissors-Boy snipped off the ends of the stiff white whiskers on the right side of her round black face.

"M-e-o-w, m-e-o-w, m-e-o-w-w-w-w, M-E-O-W! . . . Spitzzzzzz!" cried Pussy-Cat as Scissors-Boy cut off the ends of the stiff white whiskers on the left side of her round black-face.

But that wasn't all Pussy-Cat did. She put out her strong right paw with the velvet side in and gave Scissors-Boy a dig that went all the way across the hand that held the scissors.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Scissors-Boy, dropping the scissors and letting go of Pussy-Cat. "I was only playing barber."

Pussy-Cat hunched up her back and spat right out at Scissors-Boy, which isn't a polite thing for a Pussy-Cat to do, even when her whiskers have been cut off. Then she

ran off as fast as she could go with the handkerchief tangled up in her forepaws.

Scissors-Boy picked up the short, stiff white hairs from the red carpet and wrapped them all up in a piece of paper.

"I'll show them to Grandpa with my scratch," he said.

Scissors-Boy couldn't find Pussy-Cat, but he could hear her. "She must be where her meow is," thought Scissors-Boy as he went around to the back of the house.

"Oh, Grandpa!" cried the little fellow, "Pussy-Cat is stuck in the cellar window and can't get out."

Grandpa found that Pussy had put her head through a hole in the wire netting which covered the cellar window. The wires cut her every time she moved her head to try to get it out again. She couldn't get her body through because the window was tightly closed.

"It's no use," said Grandpa. "I can't pull her out. Get me the pincers and the wire-clippers, Sonny."

In a few minutes Grandpa had made the hole big enough to let Pussy-Cat's head through. "M-e-o-w, m-e-o-w!" cried Pussy-Cat, running round and round the house as if she were in a fit. She was too frightened to rub against Grandpa, which is a cat's way of saying "Thank you."

"It's strange that Cat's whiskers didn't keep her from trying to go through that small hole," said Grandpa, looking at Scissors-Boy.

"Aren't your 'whickers' like Pussy's, Grandpa?" asked Scissors-Boy.

"Bless you, no," answered Grandpa, looking over his spectacles. "A cat's whiskers are a measuring-stick she carries with her to show her whether a hole is big enough for her to go all through or not."

'Oh, Grandpa," said Scissors-Boy, almost crying, "I played I was the barber and Pussy was you. I cut off the ends of her 'whickers,' but I've kept all the pieces—they're all right here in this paper."

"If that is so," answered Grandpa, looking over his spectacles, "you did very wrong: the poor Cat has lost her feelers. She can't tell whether a hole is too small for her to get through or not. That is the reason she put head into the netting this afternoon."

"I can put them on again," said Scissors-Boy cheerfully, "for I've kept the ends of the 'whickers' and here is the Pussy-Cat."

"Do your best," said grandpa; who felt very sorry for the poor cat. Pussy-cat said Scissors-Boy. "I'm going to play 'doctor' and put your 'whickers' right back; Grandpa says you need them."

Pussy-Cat sat very still. Scissors-Boy worked long and patiently—but the hairs wouldn't grow together again.

"It isn't any use," said Scissors-Boy, throwing away the short ends of stiff white hair; "a pair of tiny little scissors will cut things in two that a big boy can't put together again."

Pussy-Cat looked up into Scissors-Boy's face and put out a friendly paw with the velvet outside.

"Oh, Pussy-Cat," cried Scissors-Boy, taking the friendly paw, "I'll never play 'barber' again until I know how to make hair grow on again."—Bessie C. Newton.

HOW TO HAVE A HAPPY HOME.

A boy was once reprimanded by a gentleman for throwing stones at the little girl down the sidewalk when the one reprmanded replied with surprise and a tinge of indignation, that he should be interrupted, "Why! she's my sister!"

That might have been a satisfactory explanation for the boy, but the gentleman could not see the point and told him so in a neat lecture that in time took effect. Why it is that a fellow will throw rocks at his sister and tip his hat at his chum's sister, or why a little girl will call her brother "smarty" and play the perfect lady in the presence of the rock-thrower is one of the mysteries of life which (and this is the saddest thing about it) we are grieved to say is often carried up into mature years. There is an old saying about "familiarity breeding contempt" which is in many cases true but should never be. Of course we fully understand now hard it is to adjust duties and privileges in a household, that each child shall get fair treatment. The demand for justice is so general and peristent that even brothers and sisters will cry for it and—fight for it, sometimes. One of the hardest things for a parent to do is treat each and every child fair. Their children are so quick to detect supposed favoritism and so ready to raise violent objection that it keeps parents constantly figuring just what to do.

Now this is all wrong and comes from a false notion of life. Boys, girls, if you think you are here to get all you can out of your home and put as little in it as possible, you will never add to its comfort. You may as well learn the lesson first as last: All true happiness is the result of either compromise or complete yielding, and if you are not willing to yield a point now and then for the sake of a larger peace and happiness, the little kingdom of the home where you hold your citizenship will be in a constant state of civil war. Father or mother may not always "play fair" in your eyes and favor sister more than you, but don't, please, make a declaration of war because of it. They were perfectly innocent of wrong-doing. The only successful home is that where parents, brothers, and sisters are so other.—N. W. Chr. Advocate.

THE CROWNING INDIGNITY.

Just 'cause my brother Alfred, he
Is two years older 'an me,
W'y, everything he gets 'at's new
They give to me when he gets through.
I try my best not to grow
An' catch up with his old things so;
But when he gets too big for clo'es,
W'y I've growed just exactly so's
They'll do for me;
And then I've got
To keep on wearin' 'em a lot.

My brother Alfred's pants just wait
An' never get torn on th' gate,
Or ripped on nails, or worn out none
Until my catchin' up is done.
When he gets new ones, my ma she
Says his old pants will do for me;
An' Alfred grins an' looks so glad
It always makes me awful mad.
An' at's th' way it always goes—
I even get his underclo'es.
But now it's worse 'an ever. I'm
Just mad clean through and through this time;
It's got to more 'an I can stand—
This gettin' his things secon'-hand!
An' I told ma 'at I think it
Is purty near the' time to quit.

My brother Alfred he's been sick
With measles; he was speckled thick.
But now he's through with them, you see,
He's gone 'an give 'em all to me.

TAKING THE SAINTS AS EVIDENCE.

An Irishman walked up Fifth Avenue, New York, dropped into a Presbyterian Church, and immediately went to sleep. After the services were over the sexton came and shook him by the arm.

"We are about to close up," said that functionary, "and I'll have to ask you to go now."

"What talk have you?" said the Irishman. "The cathedral never closes."

"This is not the cathedral," said the sexton. "The cathedral is several blocks above here. This is a Presbyterian Church."

The Irishman sat up with a jerk and looked about him. On the walls between the windows were handsome paintings of the apostles.

"Aint that St. Luke over yonder?" he demanded.

"It is," said the sexton.

"And St. Mark just beyant him?"

"Yes."

"And, still farther along, St. Timothy?"

"Yes."

"Young man," demanded the Irishman, "since whin did all thim turn Protestants?"—Ex.

STRIKE BROKEN.

Master of the House—"See here, Mary Ann, where's my dinner?"

Slavey—"Theer ain't agoin' to be no dinner, if you please, sir."

"What's that! No dinner?"

"No, sir. The missus came 'ome from jail this afternoon, an' ate up heverything in th' 'ouse!"—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

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